

thirty. I marched my entire command, with very few exceptions, in good order back to your camp.

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WHARTON J. GREEN,

Lieutenant-Colonel Second North Carolina Battalion.

To Colonel H. M. Shaw.

In my report to Colonel Shaw should have been stated the fact that I strenuously protested against surrender without a further effort to resume our original lines, pledging my command to hold the enemy's advance in check a reasonable time if he would come to our assistance with the other troops. This I certainly understood him to promise to do. A mistaken sense of courtesy or delicacy to the officer in immediate command to whom report was submitted, forbade its insertion at the time. Sure I am that the survivors of the gallant gentlemen who were present at that interview, and there were many, will vouch to the accuracy of the statement. *The Second North Carolina Battalion was in unbroken line of battle* with the enemy advancing in full force, but hoping reinforcements, when the white flag of surrender passed. In reply to my expressed purpose to double quick it back to the transports with an eye to escape, the answer came, "This island and all upon it has been surrendered. You will make the attempt on your peril of breach of terms."

A little incident of juvenile heroism surpassing that of "the boy on the burning deck," may not be out of place. Whilst awaiting the enemy in force, a little lad scarcely midway in his teens, walked down the front of the line, his right arm dangling at his side but still clutching his trusty double-barrel with his left.

"Colonel," he said, "they have broken my arm. Can I go to the rear and let Dr. Patterson look after it?"

There was no more perturbation in his voice than if he had been asking or answering a question on parade. There was incipient hero there, and would that I knew him to-day. I'll stake my life that that boy has never proved recreant to past manhood duty, or gone back on early promise then made.